He lookes vpon his loue, and neighs vnto her,
She anſwers him, as if ſhe knew his minde,
Being prowd as females are, to ſee him woo her,
She puts on outward ſtrangeneſſe, ſeemes vnkinde:
  Spurnes at his loue, & ſcornes the heat he feeles,
  Beating his kind embracements with her heeles.

Then like a melancholy malcontent,
He vailes his taile that like a falling plume,
Coole ſhadow to his melting buttocke lent,
He ſtamps, and bites the poore flies in his fume:
  His loue perceiuing how he is enrag'd,
  Grew kinder, and his furie was aſſwag'd.

His teſtie maiſter goeth about to take him,
When lo the vnbackt breeder full of feare,
Iealous of catching, ſwiftly doth forſake him,
With her the Horſe, and left *Adonis* there:
  As they were mad vnto the wood they hie them,
  Out ſtripping crowes, that ſtriue to ouerfly them.

All ſwolne with chaſing, downe *Adonis* ſits,
Banning his boiſtrous, and vnruly beaſt;
And now the happie ſeaſon once more ſits,
That loue-ſicke *Loue*, by pleading may be bleſt:
  For louers ſay, the heart hath treble wrong,
  When it is bard the aydance of the tong.

An Ouen that is ſtopt, or riuer ſtayd,
Burneth more hotly, ſwelleth with more rage:
So of concealed ſorow may be ſayd,
Free vent of words loues fier doth aſſwage,
  But when the hearts attorney once is mute,
  The client breakes, as deſperate in his ſute.

He ſees her comming, and begins to glow,
Euen as a dying coale reuiues with winde,
And with his bonnet hides his angrie brow,
Lookes on the dull earth with diſturbed minde:
  Taking no notice that ſhe is ſo nye,
  For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O what a ſight it was wiſtly to view,
How ſhe came ſtealing to the wayward boy,
To note the fighting conflict of her hew,
How white and red, each other did deſtroy:
  But now her cheeke was pale, and by and by
  It flaſht forth fire, as lightning from the ſkie.

Now was ſhe iuſt before him as he ſat,
And like a lowly louer downe ſhe kneeles,
With one faire hand ſhe heaueth vp his hat,
Her other tender hand his faire cheeke feeles:
  His tender cheeke, receiues her ſoft hands print,
  As apt as new falne ſnow, takes anie dint.